SPECIAL GIANT SIZED ALL-ACTION 50TH ISSUE!

WARHAMMER 40,000 MONTHLY

#50

$5.95 US • £3.95 UK

ISSN 1461-2089

You might say we're looking a little smug this issue. A slightly heightened air of confidence and achievement is definitely permeating the dark halls of the Black Library this month. But hell, it isn't every day one turns fifty, especially in the comics world!

When we first started Warhammer Monthly, we thought of it as a noble experiment, to see if the Black Library could produce a comic that happened to be set in the wonderfully rich and exciting Warhammer game worlds – but which was a damn good read in its own right. Because of the supreme dedication of the editorial team and of course the award-winning talents of our writers and artists, I firmly believe we've managed it, and how! Four years of utter mayhem later, we are more than proud to hit the big Five-O and to celebrate with this bumper Xmas issue.

So, thanks are due to ex-acolytes Andy, Judy, Ian, Warwick, Marc, Lesley, Vicky and Gareth. A hearty toast to current incumbents Christian, Richard, Darius, Carol, Lynne, Michelle and Alan. A myriad riches to the best writers and artists we know. And above all, our undying gratitude to you, the readers. Rest assured, there's much more mayhem coming your way from the shadowy depths of the Black Library.

MARC GASCOIGNE

It seems like only yesterday that I was in WH Smith's picking up the first issue of Warhammer Monthly. Colin MacNeil's cover just seemed to be calling to me to part with some of my student grant and pick up the best looking new comic in years. Little did I know at the time that I'd be writing an editorial for the fiftieth issue four years down the line but after reading that debut issue I was instantly hooked. I have to make a wee confession; at the time I wasn't only a lapsed Warhammer 40,000 player but I was also a lapsed comics reader. Warhammer Monthly changed that.

As soon as I escaped from University and was thrust into the real world my comics habit spiralled. That one comic book a month soon became five or six and then nine or ten, eventually reaching the thirty or forty odd that it is now. I know from the letters that we receive that a lot of you were in the same situation, that your involvement in the Games Workshop hobby had slipped for whatever reason and Warhammer Monthly was your way back in. It may be that you're in that situation now and this is the first issue of Warhammer Monthly you've ever picked up. If so, we hope you enjoy what you read and stay on board for the next fifty issues.

CHRISTIAN DUNN

Fifty issues and it's congratulations all round from fans and critics alike, applauding our achievement. But what is it we've actually achieved? Our roots have been and will always be deep in the Games Workshop hobby, and there our impact has been undeniable. I've seen miniature Darkblades lead armies to war, companies of Iron Snakes take the field, model Kal Jericos and Ulli & Marquands fight in never-ending tabletop skirmishes and Bloodquest scoop the highest modelling accolades. I can't deny it's been gratifying to see our creations spark gamers' imaginations, however I see our achievement at a far wider level, and that is in the creation of stories. Stories that can be enjoyed not merely by GW fans but also by those who know nothing more of the background than has been printed in these pages.

You don't need to know the history of the dark elves or the Blood Angels or Necromunda to enjoy the intrigues of Darkblade, the quest of Leonatos or the hijinks of Kal Jerico. Our writers work within the Warhammer worlds but are blazing fresh trails of adventure based on timeless concepts of awesome heroes, villainous foes and the good and evil within humanity which are as exciting and accessible to the comic book reader as to the hardcore fan. That has always been our goal, and fifty issues on I'm proud to say that it is our achievement as well.

RICHARD WILLIAMS

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EDITORIAL Marc Gascoigne, Christian Dunn & Richard Williams • PRODUCTION Darius Hinks • COVER Bloodquest – Back into Hell by Adrian Smith
WARHAMMER MONTHLY monumental issue 50, Christmas 2001 Published by Games Workshop Ltd, Willow Rd, Lenton, Nottingham, NG7 2WS, UK.
Email us publishing@games-workshop.co.uk Internet: http://www.games-workshop.com and: http://www.blacklibrary.co.uk
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GW BARCODE
5 011921 950485 >

PUBLISHING@GAMES-WORKSHOP.CO.UK WWW.BLACKLIBRARY.CO.UK

TITAN – FORGE OF HEAVEN

Princeps Hekate and his crew retire to repair and refit in the sanctity of an Adeptus Mechanicus Forge World. Little are they aware that the sacred peace of the Mechanicus temple will soon be shattered by the savage sounds of war!

BLOODQUEST III – PROLOGUE

On the warp-plagued planet of Sciron Blood Angels Cloten and Lysander play a deadly game with a daemon-oracle as their search for Captain Leonatos begins.

HELLBRANDT GRIMM – IN THE SHADOW OF THE GALLOWS

Languishing in the cells of Marienburg, a prisoner marked for death tells a tale to pass the time: a mother, father and son and a legendary mercenary, Hellbrandt Grimm.

KAL JERICO – COLOURS

Underhive war! Hear it on the streets, in the bars, in the pipes and in the homes. And who's in the middle, no one less than our debonair desperado Kal Jerico.

DARKBLADE – DARKBLADES

In the towers of Hag Graef at the blackest time of night, Malus Darkblade lies sleeping as sorcerous powers most fell move against him. Their goal: to confront him with a foe that outstrips even him in evil, a foe that he cannot escape, a foe that he cannot destroy.

THE REDEEMER – BLOOD & CIRCUSES

A horribly mutated scaly. A surgically enhanced bounty huntress. A four-armed ape. Klovis the Redeemer. What do you think's going to happen when you make them all play a little game of Lord of the Spire?

MORDHEIM – HONOUR AMONG THIEVES

Death and destruction are the only currency a man needs to pay his way on the streets of Mordheim, city of the damned but what price do Ulli and Marquand have to pay for the greatest prize of all?

TITAN

TITANS

Titans are the supreme fighting machines of the Imperium, vast god-machines with skins of adamantium. They are crewed by devoted warriors, linked to the Titan through mind-impulse connections; bonded to it, and each other, at an almost spiritual level. Each gigantic war machine is armed with the mightiest weapons, and armoured with void shields, barriers of almost impenetrable energy.

HEKATE

Cadet Ervin Hekate's first day of field-training was to prove his final one as well when the legendary Princeps Macabee of the Titan Imperius Dictatio breathed his last at the controls while in raging combat. In desperation, the crew took the only option available to them aside from destruction and installed Hekate in his place.

GOD-MACHINE!

Dictatio was bonded to Hekate, and just as Hekate could not live without the Titan, none could kill him without also destroying the war machine. Princeps Hekate and Imperius Dicatio are now more a single being than separate, as they stride forth to shake worlds and smash their foes.

TITAN
FORGE OF HEAVEN

GRYPHONNE IV, ADEPTUS MECHANICUS FORGE WORLD...

THAT... IS A *SCRAPY* SIGHT.

INDEED, BROTHER PRINCEPS *LAUDATOR MAGNIFICAT*, WORTHY TITAN, SLAIN ON THE FIELDS OF AEXIR.

WHY HAVE YOU BROUGHT IT HERE?

THE GOD MACHINES ARE *PRICELESS*, BROTHER. YOU KNOW THAT. IT IS THE DUTY OF THE ADEPTUS TO RESTORE ITS LIFE.

SEE THERE! WE ARE RECHARGING ITS IMPULSE LINKS TO REAWAKEN THE MACHINE MIND-CORE.

SOME MIGHT SAY THE NOBLE DEAD SHOULD BE ALLOWED THEIR REST...

BE OF GOOD HEART, BROTHER PRINCEPS. THE DAMAGE TO YOUR *OWN* BELOVED TITAN WAS SLIGHT BY COMPARISON.

THIS WAY, PRINCEPS HEKATE. IMPERIUS DICTATIO AWAITS YOUR INSPECTION

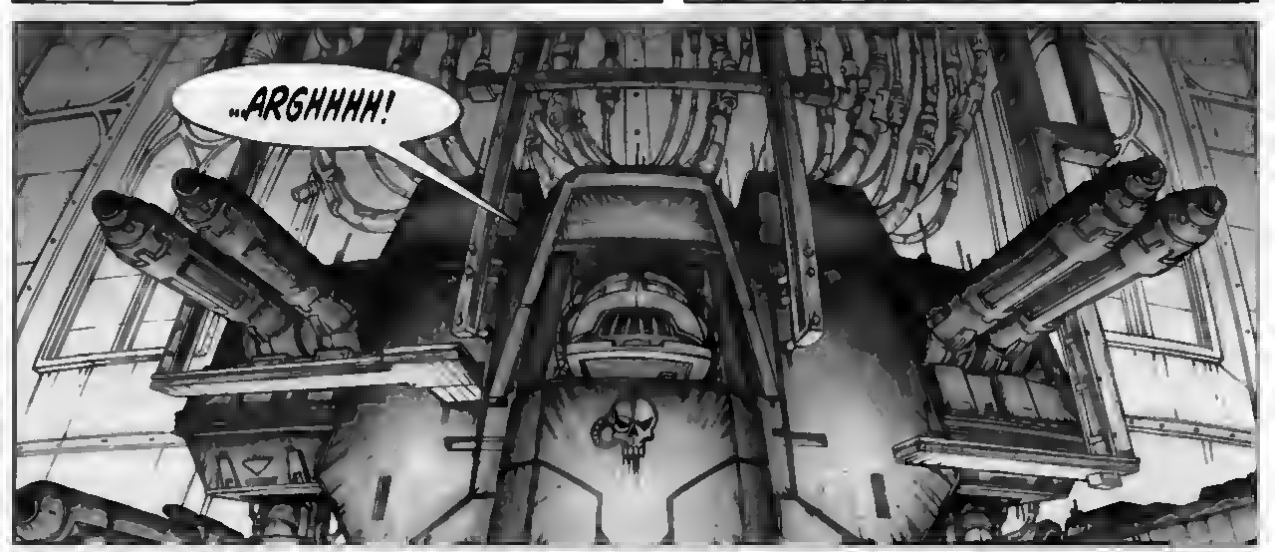
SCRIPT: *DAN ABNETT* • GUEST ARTISTS: *THE SHARP BROTHERS* • LETTERS: *FIONA STEPHENSON*

...GIVE ME THAT CUTTER. THE DOOR SEALS ARE ALMOST FREE...
MACHINE-GOD BLESS YOUR WORK, BROTHER...

BLESS MY WORK INDEED AND GUIDE MY HAND.
GNNF! THERE NOW! THE APOTROPAIC SEALS HAD ALL MELTED INTO THE HATCH-SEAM.

BY THE EMPEROR! THAT *STENCH!*
INCREASE THE ENERGY LOAD! THE GREAT MACHINE MUST BE ROUSED FROM ITS DEATHLY SLUMBERS. ONLY THEN CAN WE ASSESS THE *TRUE* EXTENT OF THE SYSTEM DAMAGE.

BROTHERS! I THINK... IT IS... ALREADY..
...AWAKE...


...ARGHHHH!

THE SPINAL LINK IS SOME, PRINCEPS?
IT'S BEEN THREE WEEKS SINCE I WAS LAST CONNECTED. YOUR REPAIRS HAVE TAKEN TIME.
THE WITHDRAWAL PAINS HAVE BEEN INTENSE.

PRINCEPS... ARE ANY LIVE FIRING EXERCISES UNDERWAY IN THE FORGE? I SEEM TO BE READING WEAPONS DISCH...

HOLY GOD-MACHINE!

THRONE OF EARTH! WHO WOULD *DARE* WREAK SUCH CHAOS IN THE VERY TEMPLE OF THE MECHANICUS?

THIS IS A FORGE WORLD! *A FORGE WORLD!* WAR HAS NO PLACE IN ITS SERENITY!

SOMEONE DOESN'T THINK SO BROTHER PRIEST. I FORGET SOMETIMES YOUR KIND SELDOM SEES THE *CONSEQUENCES* OF YOUR CRAFT.

ENGAGE MAIN DRIVE! RAISE VOID SHIELDS! TACTICIAN ZYGO... PLOT THAT FIRING BACK TO ITS SOURCE.

BUT IF GRYPHONNE WAS UNDER ATTACK, THE PLANETARY ALARMS WOULD HAVE SOUNDED!

THIS ATTACK IS FROM *WITHIN!* CAN'T YOU SEE THAT?

NO! *NO!* THE MACHINES! THE *HOLY MACHINES!*

PRINCEPS! ENEMY SIGHTED!

SHOW ME.

"IT... IT IS LAUDATOR MAGNIFICAT! HOW CAN THAT *BE?* HOW CAN IT *LIVE* AGAIN?"

"IT DOES NOT LIVE, TECH-PRIEST, NOT AS IT SHOULD!

"LOOK AT IT! ITS CREW IS DEAD AND YOU HAVE SHOCKED ITS MACHINE MIND BACK INTO LIFE

"*TRAUMATISED, INSANE,* REMEMBERING NOTHING EXCEPT THE CARNAGE THAT SLEW IT... AND *UTTERLY* OUT OF CONTROL!"

PRINCEPS! INCOMING!

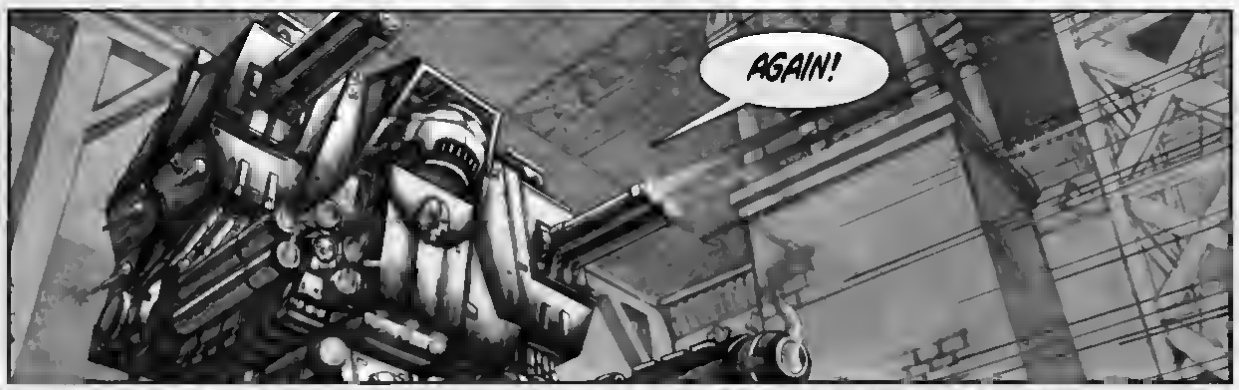
SHIELDS TO MAXIMUM! *BRACE FOR IMPACT!*

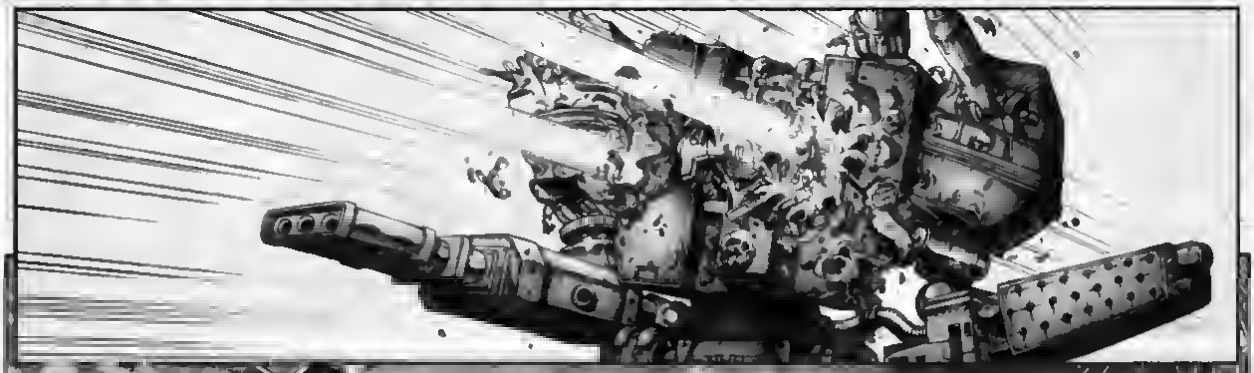
UGHN.

MODERAT! GIVE ME A FIRING SOLUTION FOR THE TURBO LASERS!

SOLUTION, AYE!

FIRE!

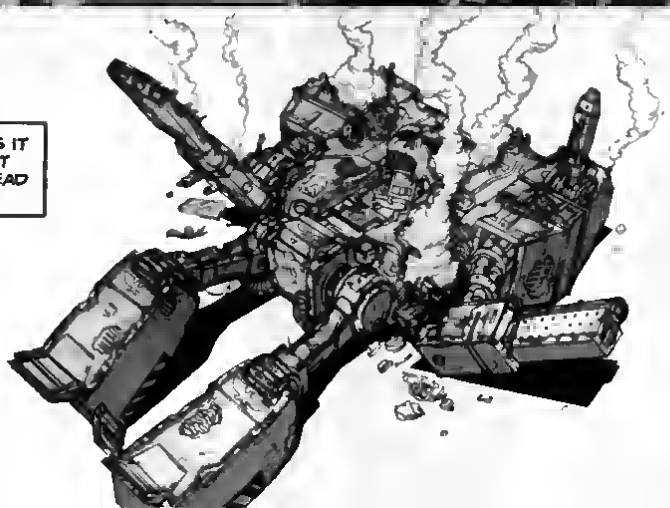

AGAIN!



GOD-
EMPEROR FORGIVE ME.
AGAIN!

MY CONGRATULATIONS, BROTHER ADEPTS. YOUR REPAIR WORK HAS BEEN SUPERB.
IMPERIUS DICTATIO IS CERTAINLY COMBAT READY ONCE AGAIN.

THIS IS A BLACK DAY. SUCH LOSSES...
THE ADEPTUS MECHANICUS WILL MOURN THIS CALAMITY FOR *YEARS!*
AS IS ONLY *PROPER*. BUT I TRUST THE ADEPTUS WILL ALSO REMEMBER THIS...


"... SOMETIMES IT IS BEST TO LET THE NOBLE DEAD *STAY* DEAD."

END

BLOODQUEST

THE BLOOD ANGELS

The Blood Angels are amongst the most ferocious and blood-thirsty of all the Space Marine chapters. Even though they have proved themselves in countless battles to be the most loyal servants of the Emperor, they remain the most feared and least trusted of all the Space Marine.

Few dare speak about the secret that sullies the honour of the Blood Angels, but those who do whisper of a fatal flaw that curses the gene-seed of this ancient and noble chapter.

CAPTAIN LEONATOS

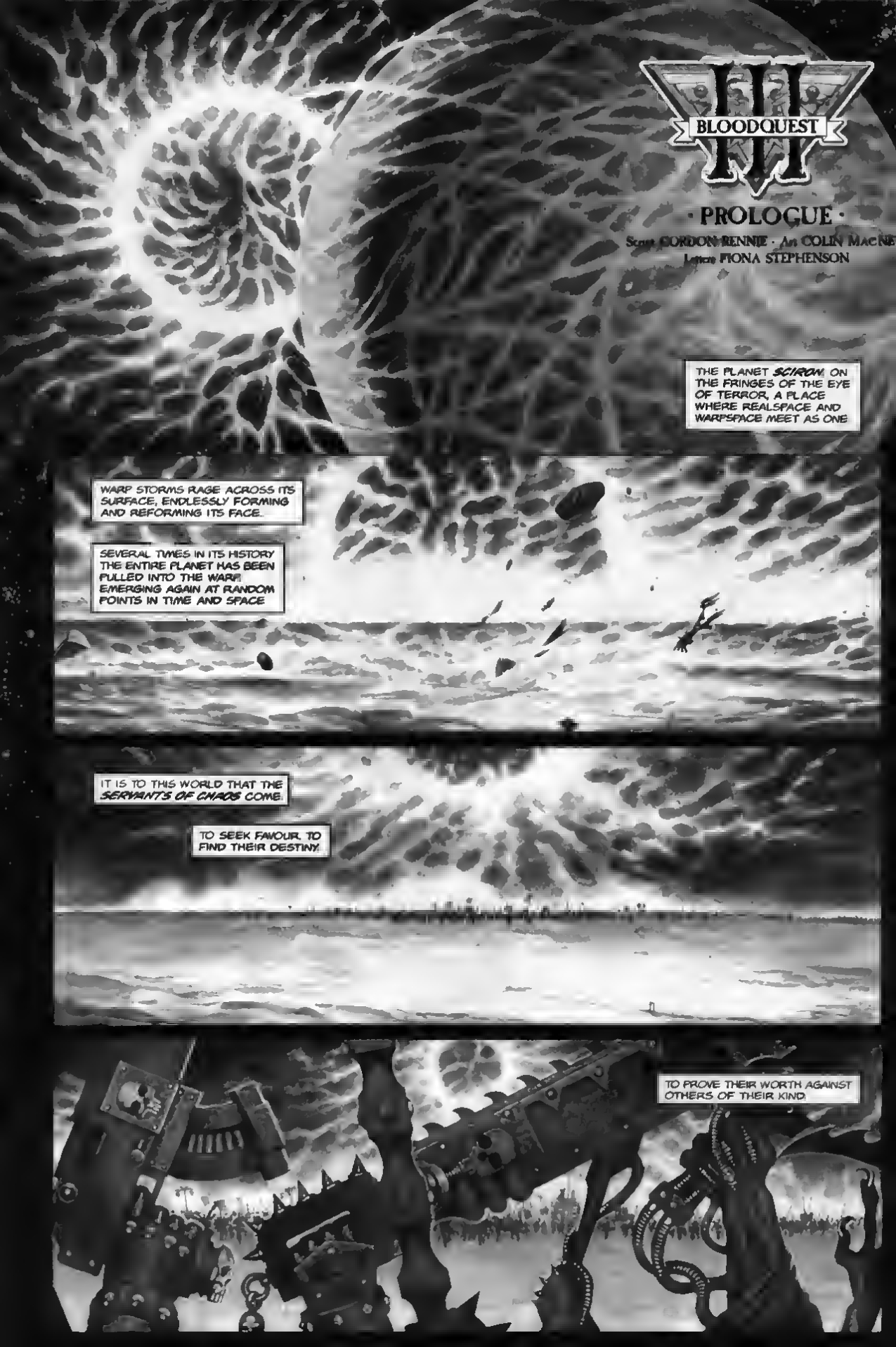
When a massive fleet of ork raiders attacked the Sekundar system, Brother Captain Leonatos was despatched there, with only a single company of Space Marines. His orders: to await for others to reinforce him, and until then to halt the orks at all costs!

When the other companies arrived, they found the raiders fled, routed by the Blood Angels' wrath - but they also discovered the staunch defenders destroyed, Leonatos fallen and a sacred relic, the Blade Encarmine, lost.

Exiled by his chapter, Leonatos set out on a quest to recover the blade, and one day return to take his place once more amongst the ranks of his battle-brothers.

BLOOD BROTHERS

Now, with six of their brothers fallen on the journey and their liege-captain lost in the Chaos realm of the Eye of Terror. the surviving exiles, Cloten and Lysander are going back in to find him. Now, their Bloodquest begins.


BLOODQUEST III
· PROLOGUE ·
Script GORDON RENNIE · Art COLIN MACNEIL
Letters FIONA STEPHENSON
THE PLANET SCIROM, ON THE FRINGES OF THE EYE OF TERROR, A PLACE WHERE REALSPACE AND WARPSPACE MEET AS ONE
WARP STORMS RAGE ACROSS ITS SURFACE, ENDLESSLY FORMING AND REFORMING ITS FACE.
SEVERAL TIMES IN ITS HISTORY THE ENTIRE PLANET HAS BEEN PULLED INTO THE WARP, EMERGING AGAIN AT RANDOM POINTS IN TIME AND SPACE
IT IS TO THIS WORLD THAT THE SERVANTS OF CHAOS COME.
TO SEEK FAVOUR, TO FIND THEIR DESTINY.
TO PROVE THEIR WORTH AGAINST OTHERS OF THEIR KIND

FROM ALL OVER THE GALAXY, THEY COME.
CHAMPIONS OF CHAOS. SERVANTS OF THE DARK POWERS OF THE WARP.
TO FIGHT.
TO CHALLENGE EACH OTHER.
TO WIN THE PRIZE THAT EACH BELIEVES IS RIGHTFULLY THEIRS.

THE CREATURE HAS LIVED FOR CENTURIES. IT KNOWS *THE RITUAL* WELL. EACH TIME IT IS *THE SAME*-
EACH TIME THERE IS BUT *ONE VICTOR*.
EACH TIME THEY CLIMB THE PATH TO THE CAVE ABOVE, EAGER TO CLAIM THEIR PRIZE, EAGER TO PUT THEIR QUESTION TO THE *DAEMON-ORACLE* AND LEARN WHAT DESTINY IS TO BE THEIRS
YES, EACH TIME IT IS THE SAME...
DAKKA DAKKA DAKKA
...BUT THIS TIME IT WILL BE DIFFERENT.

NEW RULES TO THE RITUAL, DAEMON...
TELL US WHAT WE WANT, OR WE CUT YOU APART AND LEAVE YOU FOR THE STORMS TO SCATTER YOUR BODY PARTS TO THE FURTHEST ENDS OF THE WARP.
TWO BLOOD ANGELS. TWO EXILES. WE HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU. YES. WE KNOW YOU. WE KNOW WHAT YOU WANT...
WE SEE GREAT DEEDS. THAT WHICH WAS LOST HAS NOW BEEN FOUND. A QUEST COMPLETED. BUT ALSO GREAT LOSS. GREAT SACRIFICE.
YOU HAVE LOST YOUR LEADER. YOUR COMMANDER. THE ONE CALLED LEONATOS. NOW THERE IS ANOTHER QUEST. YOU SEEK TO FIND HIM, TO BRING HIM BACK TO HIS BROTHERS. YES?

YOU ARE SUSPICIOUS. YOU DO NOT TRUST THE WORDS OF DAEMONS. THE FALSEHOODS OF THE WARP. BUT YOU KNOW THESE THINGS WE HAVE SEEN TO BE TRUE.
LISTEN NOW TO THE ANSWERS TO THE QUESTIONS YOU HAVE COME TO ASK...
YOUR LEADER STILL LIVES. HELD IN THRALL BY THE DAEMON PRINCE SERVANT OF THE CHANGER OF THE WAYS. NOW YOU SEEK TO RESCUE HIM. YES? TO ONCE AGAIN ENTER THE EYE OF TERROR?
YOU WERE FORTUNATE TO SURVIVE THE GLORIES AND PERILS OF THAT PLACE *ONCE* LITTLE MORTALS. DO NOT THINK THAT THE POWERS OF THE WARP WILL PERMIT YOU TO BE SO FORTUNATE AGAIN.
THEN HOW DO WE ACCOMPLISH OUR QUEST, DAEMON?
TO KNOW A DAEMON PRINCE'S TRUE NAME - THE NAME THAT THE CHAOS GODS WHISPER TO THEM WHEN THEY ARE REBORN INTO DAEMONHOOD - IS TO HAVE POWER OVER IT. BUT THE DAEMON YOU SEEK IS CUNNING INDEED.
IT HIDES ITS FACE FROM ALL. AND NONE BUT ITS MOST TRUSTED SERVANTS KNOW THEIR MASTER'S TRUE NAME.
I CANNOT TELL YOU THE NAME OF THE DAEMON YOU SEEK. BUT THIS IS ITS *MARK*. BY THIS SIGN SHALL YOU KNOW THOSE THAT SERVE IT.

CLOTEN?

NO..! WE HAVE TOLD YOU EVERYTHING YOU NEEDED!

SHRRK!

DAEMON FILTH... DID IT NOT SEE THIS TOO IN ITS VISIONS?
CLOTEN, COME...

' WE HAVE FAR TO GO NOW, AND MUCH TO DO. '

HUMAN FOOLS...

WE SEE EVERYTHING. EVEN OUR OWN FATE. EVEN *THIS*. WE SEE FAR MORE THAN YOU WILL EVER KNOW. FAR MORE THAN WE HAVE EVER TOLD YOU.
BEWARE THE LIES AND FALSEHOODS OF DAEMONS. BEWARE THE INTRIGUES OF THE CHANGER OF THE WAYS.
OH YES. GO IN SEARCH OF YOUR LOST LEADER. BUT KNOW THAT IN ALL THINGS CONCERNING THE POWERS OF THE WARP, MATTERS ARE NEVER AS SIMPLE AS THEY SEEM...
TO BE CONTINUED

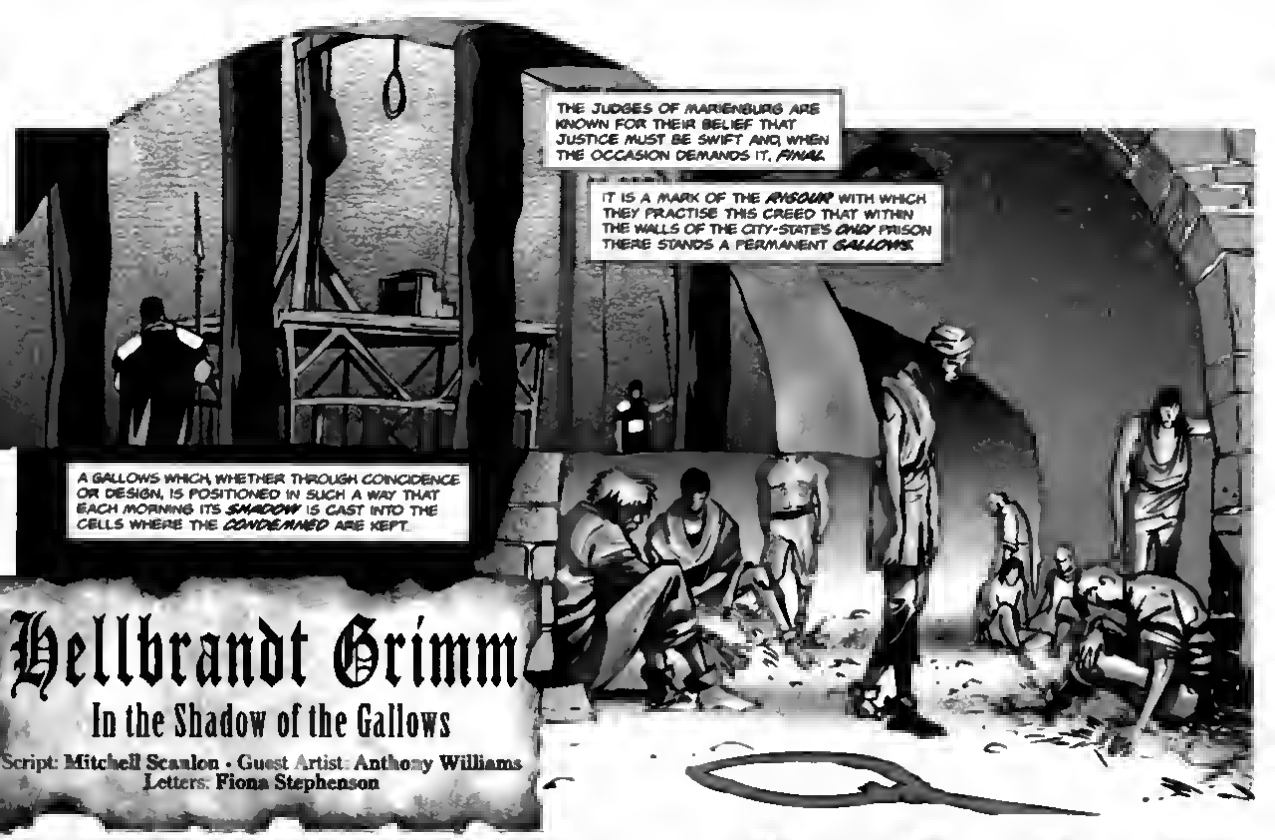
Hellbrandt Grimm

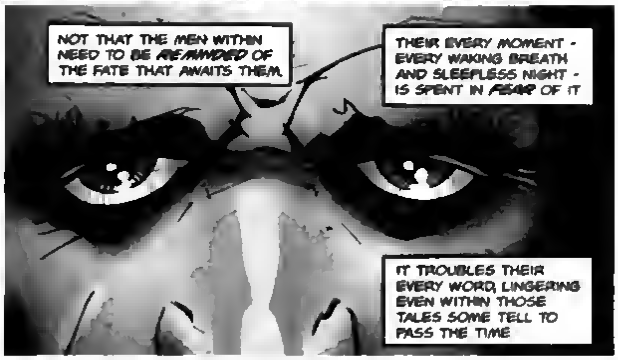
MERCENARIES

The notable thing about mercenaries of the Old World is that they will fight for anyone – anyone willing to pay them that is. They have few scruples when it comes to who they fight, and will pitch in against their own kinsfolk so long as the money's good.

HELLBRANDT GRIMM

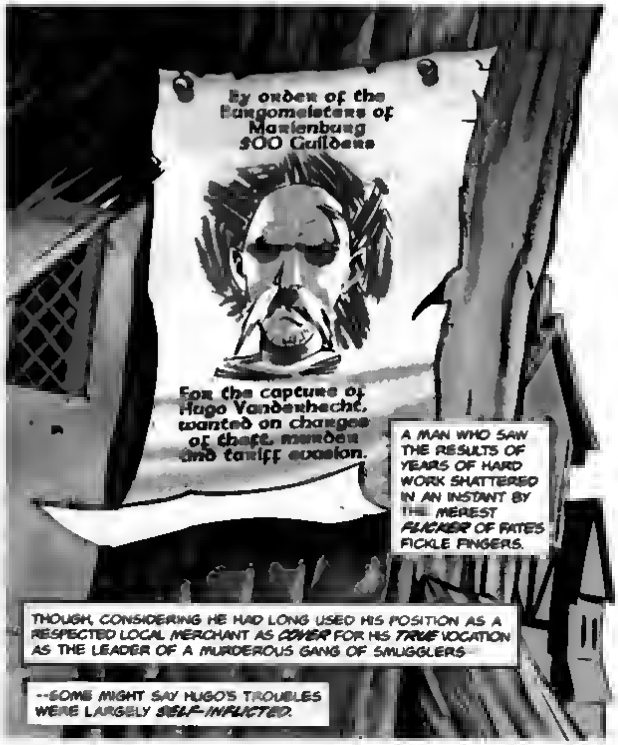
There are many tales of Hellbrandt Grimm, the legendary mercenary of the Old World, tales where he has fought fearsome evil, travelled to distant lands, conquered many mighty foes. Stories abound of his origins and the scar he wears on his cheek. Some say it is the brand of the fearsome orc tribe in which he was raised as a slave. Others whisper that is the very mark of a dark god's touch – for how else, they reason, can one man fight with the strength of a daemon?


THE JUDGES OF MARIENBURG ARE KNOWN FOR THEIR BELIEF THAT JUSTICE MUST BE SWIFT AND, WHEN THE OCCASION DEMANDS IT, FINAL.
IT IS A MARK OF THE RIGOUR WITH WHICH THEY PRACTISE THIS CREED THAT WITHIN THE WALLS OF THE CITY-STATE'S ONLY PRISON THERE STANDS A PERMANENT GALLOWS.
A GALLOWS WHICH, WHETHER THROUGH COINCIDENCE OR DESIGN, IS POSITIONED IN SUCH A WAY THAT EACH MORNING ITS SHADOW IS CAST INTO THE CELLS WHERE THE CONDEMNED ARE KEPT.
Hellbrandt Grimm
In the Shadow of the Gallows
Script: Mitchell Scaulon • Guest Artist: Anthony Williams
Letters: Fiona Stephenson


NOT THAT THE MEN WITHIN NEED TO BE REMINDED OF THE FATE THAT AWAITS THEM.
THEIR EVERY MOMENT - EVERY WAKING BREATH AND SLEEPLESS NIGHT - IS SPENT IN FEAR OF IT
IT TROUBLES THEIR EVERY WORD, LINGERING EVEN WITHIN THOSE TALES SOME TELL TO PASS THE TIME

EVEN WHEN IT IS A TALE OF HELLBRANDT GRIMM...
IT MAY SURPRISE YOU, MY FRIENDS, BUT I HARBOUR NO ILL WILL TOWARDS THOSE LEARNED GENTLEMEN, THE JUDGES OF MARIENBURG
FOR IN THEIR WISDOM THEY HAVE, IF NOTHING ELSE, DELIVERED OUR LIVES FROM THE CURSE OF UNCERTAINTY.

THE CITIZENS OF THE WORLD OUTSIDE ARE RARELY SO FORTUNATE. THEY LABOUR IN IGNORANCE, NEVER KNOWING WHAT THE FUTURE MAY HAVE IN STORE.
TAKE THE CASE OF THE MERCHANT, HUGO VANDERHECHT...


By order of the Burgomeisters of Marienburg
500 Guilders
For the capture of Hugo Vanderhecht, wanted on charges of theft, murder and tariff evasion.
A MAN WHO SAW THE RESULTS OF YEARS OF HARD WORK SHATTERED IN AN INSTANT BY THE MEREST FLICKER OF FATE'S FICKLE FINGERS.
THOUGH, CONSIDERING HE HAD LONG USED HIS POSITION AS A RESPECTED LOCAL MERCHANT AS COVER FOR HIS TRUE VOCATION AS THE LEADER OF A MURDEROUS GANG OF SMUGGLERS...
--SOME MIGHT SAY HUGO'S TROUBLES WERE LARGELY SELF-INFLICTED.

DODGING THE MOOSE, HUGO FLED TO THE MARSHY WASTELANDS NORTH OF THE CITY TAKING HIS EIGHT YEAR OLD SON, STEFAN, WITH HIM.
MUCH TO THE DISPLEASURE OF THE WIFE HE HAD LEFT BEHIND.
FORGIVE ME IF I SEEM TERSE.
BUT HAVING SPENT THE LAST THREE WEEKS DETAINED AT THE PLEASURE OF THE BURGOMEISTERS, TRYING TO CONVINCE THEM OF MY INNOCENCE, I HAVE LITTLE TIME FOR SMALL TALK.

NOT THAT INGRID VANDERHECHT WAS THE KIND TO LET A FATHER'S LOVE STAND IN THE WAY OF HER OWN NEEDS.
YOU HAVE HEARD THE MISSION, AND THE PRICE I WILL PAY. ALL THAT REMAINS IS FOR ME TO HEAR YOUR ANSWER.
AND SO SHE ENGAGED THE SERVICES OF A MAN CAPABLE OF RETURNING HER SON TO HER--

YOU HAVE MY WORD: I WILL BRING THE BOY BACK.
--THE MERCENARY, HELLBRANDT GRIMM.

THOUGH FIRST THERE WAS THE SMALL MATTER OF FINDING SOMEONE AMONG MARIENBURG'S LESS REPUTABLE ELEMENT WHO MIGHT TELL HIM EXACTLY WHERE THE BOY HAD BEEN TAKEN
NO! PLEASE!! I'LL TELL! I'LL TELL!
THOUGH, FORTUNATELY, GRIMM HAD ALWAYS HAD A GIFT FOR PERSUASION.

THEN, PAUSING ONLY TO VISIT A DISGRACED FORMER GRADUATE OF THE IMPERIAL SCHOOL OF ENGINEERS BY THE NAME OF BERNHARD SCHWARZPUDER--
HEH, COURSE, THE FUSE WAS THE DIFFICULT PART. BUT THEN, FUSES ALWAYS ARE
JUST ASK OLD BRIMSTONE HERE...
prrr

--THE MERCENARY SET OFF FOR THE WASTELANDS

SOON ENOUGH, HE CAME TO A BANDIT ENCAMPMENT HIDDEN DEEP IN THE WILDERNESS.

NOT A SOUND, BOY.

YOUR MOTHER SENT M--
HELP!!

STEFAN!
PAPA! PAPA!
AND, THOUGH HE ENCOUNTERED SOME FEW OBSTACLES ALONG THE WAY--

KRAKK!
PAPA!!!
--HELLBRANDT GRIMM WAS NOT A MAN TO BE DIVERTED

NO MATTER WHAT TRIALS FATE MIGHT SEND HIM.
I THINK YOU'D BETTER LET THE BOY GO, STRANGER. LESS YOU RECKON YOU'RE SWORDSMAN ENOUGH TO TAKE US ALL.

PERHAPS.
BUT I HAVE NO NEED OF MY BLADE, NOT WHEN I HAVE THIS.
THAT RIGHT? AND WHATS IN THERE WE SHOULD BE SO SCARED OF?

BLACK POWDER.

ppffffff--

--ffffffFUPP-sptttt

A TRICK! IT WAS NOTHING BUT A DAMN TRICK!

OH YES, FUSES IS TRICKY, AIN'T THEY, BRIMSTONE
ESPECIALLY MINE...

GET AFTER HIM, DAMN YOUR EYES!
I WANT THAT SCAR-FACED CUR'S HEAD ON A ST--
ppffffffffffff--

--FOOM!!!

LATER, HAVING ELUDED WHAT PURSUIT THERE REMAINED, GRIMM EMERGED FROM THE MARSHES WITH HIS STRUGGLING PRIZE IN TOW
ONLY TO SOON LEARN JUST HOW TREACHEROUS A CREATURE INGRID VANDERHECHT COULD BE...
FORGIVE MY IMPATIENCE, SELLSWORD--

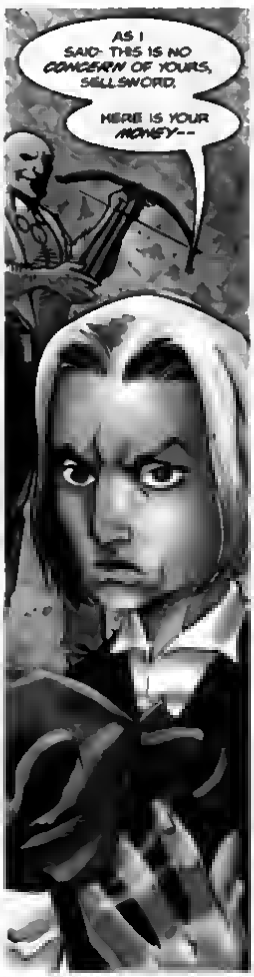
--BUT WHAT LOVING MOTHER COULD BEAR TO BE PARTED FROM HER SON A MOMENT LONGER THAN ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY!
NO!
IN THE NAME OF ALL THAT IS HOLY DO NOT GIVE HER MY SON!

PAPA!
SHE DOES NOT LOVE STEFAN - ALL SHE CARES ABOUT IS WHAT HE IS WORTH.
HE IS MY HEIR AND, WITH HIM IN HER HANDS, INGRID IS FREE TO KILL ME WITHOUT FEAR OF BEING MADE A PAUPER.

AND, SHE DOES NEED TO KILL ME. FOR, SHOULD I BE CAPTURED, I MIGHT REVEAL SHE WAS MY PARTNER IN EVERY CRIME I COMMITTED.
IF YOU GIVE HER STEFAN, YOU SIGN MY DEATH WARRANT.

NONE OF THESE MATTERS ARE ANY OF YOUR CONCERN, SELLSWORD AND, BESIDES, YOU GAVE ME YOUR WORD.

NO! PLEASE! WHATEVER SHE IS PAYING YOU, I CAN DOUB--
SHUNKK


AS I SAID- THIS IS NO CONCERN OF YOURS, SELLSWORD.
HERE IS YOUR MONEY--

--LEAVE MY SON TO ME.

AND SO, GRIMM GAVE UP THE BOY? HARD TO BELIEVE A MAN LIKE THAT COULD BE OUTWITTED BY THIS WOMAN, INGRID.

OUTWITTED? HARDLY.
WHAT DID THE RIGHTS OR WRONGS OF HIS EMPLOYER'S MOTIVES MATTER TO HIM? JUST SO LONG AS HE GOT PAID.
ALL THE SAME, THERE AIN'T NO JUSTICE WHEN A WIFE CAN PROFIT FROM TREACHERY.

THERE IS NO JUSTICE IN THE WORLD, MY FRIEND; I WILL GRANT YOU THAT. THOUGH, REST ASSURED, INGRID DID NOT PROFIT INDEFINITELY.
IT IS ONLY A SHAME I KNOW SO LITTLE OF POISONS.

THE ONE I CHOSE DID ITS WORK WELL ENOUGH, BUT THE PHYSICIANS RECOGNISED IT FOR WHAT IT WAS, AND HERE I AM.
IN RETROSPECT, THERE ARE PERHAPS BETTER WAYS FOR A SON TO RECLAIM HIS INHERITANCE.
IT IS TIME, VANDERHECHT.

YOU MUST FORGIVE ME, FRIENDS: I HAVE PRESSING BUSINESS ELSEWHERE, INVOLVING A SHORT LENGTH OF HEMP AND A MUCH LONGER DROP.
BUT SHED NO TEARS, MY FRIENDS--

--I WAGER WE WILL ALL MEET AGAIN, SOON ENOUGH.

Of course, in the past, I have heard many a man swear to die on my behalf. But, only here, in the shadow of the gallows, does the truth of us stand revealed.
--the last words of Greta Schon
THE END

STRIP INDEX

Over the past 50 issues Warhammer Monthly has published over 200 strips. Here's a handy guide to help you keep track of them all.

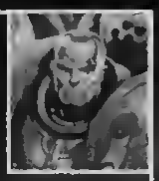
Title of Strip
W: Writer
A: Artist
#: Issue(s) in which it appeared
PP: Length

Battlefleet Gothic
W: Gordon Rennie
A: Colin MacNeil
#34
8pp

Better Da Werboss Ya Know
W: Jim Alexander
A: Wayne England
#26
5pp

Blood & Braids
W: Nik Vincent
A: Graham Stoddart
#42
5pp

BLOODQUEST



Book One
W: Gordon Rennie
A: Colin MacNeil
#1-8
48pp

Book Two – Into the Eye of Terror
W: Gordon Rennie
A: Colin MacNeil
#17, 19, 21, 24-28, 29, 31-33
90pp

Book Three – Prologue
W: Gordon Rennie
A: Colin MacNeil
#50
8pp

Blood Rites
W: Jim Alexander
A: P.J. Holden
#49
4pp

Bridge, The
W: Dan Abnett
A: Simon Coleby
#0
5pp

Carnival of Change, The
W: Gordon Rennie
A: Mark Gibbons
#2
6pp

Chosen One, The
W: Jim Alexander
A: Jim Brady
#37
2pp

Crusader
W: Dan Abnett
A: Paul Jeacock
#27
10pp

Curse of Dubois, The
W: Logan Lubera & Andy Jones
A: Logan Lubera & Craig Yeung
#4-5
21pp

Cycles of Chaos
W: Andy Jones
A: John Hinckleton
#9
11pp

DAEMONFUGE

Book One – The Screaming Cage
W: Jim Campbell & Kev Walker
A: Kev Walker
#4-7, 8-11
51pp

Book Two – The Lord of Damnation
W: Kev Walker (Parts 1-3)/Gordon Rennie (Parts 4-10)
A: Karl Richardson (Parts 1-8)/Chris Quilliams (Parts 9-10)
#32-33, 35, 38-41, 45, 47-48
73pp (83pp)

DARKBLADE

Book One – Born in Blood
W: Dan Abnett
A: Kev Hopgood
#1-3, 5-7
44pp
(Part Four reprinted in the White Dwarf First Birthday Special)

Book Two – World of Blood
W: Dan Abnett
A: Kev Hopgood
#14-17, 19, 21, 23, 25, 27-30
84pp

Book Three – Throne of Blood
W: Dan Abnett
A: Kev Hopgood
#37-39, 41, 43, 45, 47, 49
56pp (84pp)

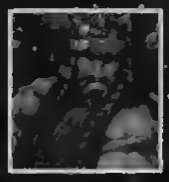
Darkblades
W: Dan Abnett
A: Clint Langley
#50
7pp

Deathwing: The Tale of Two-Heads Talking
W: Andy Jones
A: David Pugh
Colour Special *(reprinted in #36)*
8pp

Dedication
W: Dan Abnett
A: Mike Perkins
#13
3pp

Dreams of Lustria
W: Dan Abnett
A: David Pugh
#13
4pp

Dwarflords
W: Paul Davidson
A: Paul Davidson
#8-12, 14-15
51pp



Flesh & Blood
W: Kevin Gunstone
A: Mike Perkins
#16
6pp

Gift of the Gods
W: Gordon Rennie
A: Simon Davis
#19
5pp

Grudgematch
W: Robbie Morrison
A: Kev Hopgood
#12
5pp

Grundheim's Grudge
W: Pat Mills & Debbie Gallagher
A: Karl Kopinski
#3
8pp

INQUISITOR ASCENDANT

Book One
W: Dan Abnett
A: Simon Coleby
#11-13, 15-17, 21, 23-24
69pp

Book Two
W: Dan Abnett
A: Simon Coleby (Parts 1-3)/Jim Brady (Parts 4-8)
#38-40, 42, 44, 46-48
56pp (70pp)

Ironsnakes: Ephigiom
W: Dan Abnett
A: Paul Jeacock
#19
8pp

Ironsnakes: Strategium
W: Dan Abnett
A: Paul Jeacock
#30
8pp

KAL JERICO

Hit, The
W: Gordon Rennie
A: Karl Kopinski
#1
5pp

Yolanda
W: Gordon Rennie
A: Karl Kopinski
#6
5pp
(reprinted in the First Birthday Special)

Nemo
W: Gordon Rennie
A: Karl Kopinski
#8
5pp
(reprinted in the Comics 2001 ashcan edition)

Redemption
W: Gordon Rennie
A: Karl Kopinski
#15
5pp

Motherlode, The
W: Gordon Rennie
A: Karl Kopinski
#21, 23-25
28pp

Raintown
W: Gordon Rennie
A: Wayne Reynolds
#28
6pp

Licenced to Kill
W: Gordon Rennie
A: Wayne Reynolds
#29
7pp

Code of Honour
W: Gordon Rennie
A: Wayne Reynolds
#31
6pp

Nemo Agenda, The
W: Gordon Rennie
A: Wayne Reynolds
#34-37
28pp

Delivery, The
W: Gordon Rennie
A: Wayne Reynolds
#45
7pp

Colours
W: Gordon Rennie
A: Karl & Stefan Kopinski
#50
7pp

Kill Confirmed
W: Jonathan Green
A: Paul Jeacock
First Birthday Special
4pp

NORDHEIM – CITY OF THE DAMNED

1: Signs & Portents
W: Gordon Rennie
A: Karl Kopinski
#28
5pp

2: Pit Fight
W: Gordon Rennie
A: Karl Kopinski
#29
3pp

3: Ambush!
W: Gordon Rennie
A: Mike Perkins
#30
3pp

4: Payback!
W: Gordon Rennie
A: Paul Jeacock
#31
3pp

5: Bodyguards
W: Gordon Rennie
A: Paul Jeacock
#32
5pp

6: The Flayer
W: Gordon Rennie
A: Paul Jeacock
#35
4pp

7: It Came from the Pit
W: Gordon Rennie
A: Paul Jeacock
#36
3pp

8: Comrades in Arms
W: Gordon Rennie
A: Paul Jeacock
#37
3pp

9: Dog Eat Dog
W: Gordon Rennie
A: Paul Jeacock
#38
3pp

10: Sisters in Arms
W: Gordon Rennie
A: Paul Jeacock
#39
3pp

11: The Toll
W: Gav Thorpe
A: Paul Jeacock
#40
3pp

Crusade
W: Gordon Rennie
A: Paul Jeacock
#42-43, 46-47
20pp

Honour Among Thieves
W: Gordon Rennie
A: Paul Jeacock
#50
6pp

Nurgle Complex, The
W: Michael Browne
A: Simon Coleby
#11
2pp

Of Ancient Blood
W: Mitchel Scanlon
A: Paul Jeacock
#41
6pp

Pariah: The Daemon Heart
W: Kev Walker
A: Kev Walker
#17
8pp

Pax Imperialis 1
W: Gordon Rennie
A: Colin MacNeil
#1
20pp

Pax Imperialis 2
W: Gordon Rennie
A: Paul Jeacock
#36
8pp

Pockets
W: Dan Abnett
A: Kev Hopgood
#15
2pp

Predator & Prey
W: Gordon Rennie
A: David Pugh
#1
8pp

Ragnar's Rock
W: Dan Abnett
A: Simon Coleby
#17
6pp

Ravenwing
W: Bill Kaplan
A: Jeff Rabner
#12-13
20pp

Red Secrets
W: Gordon Rennie
A: Colin MacNeil
First Birthday Specail
7pp

Redeemer, The
W: Pat Mills & Debbie Gallagher
A: Wayne Reynolds
#16, 18, 20, 22
94pp

Redeemer, The – Blood & Circuses
W: Debbie Gallagher
A: Wayne Reynolds
#50
8pp

Secrifice
W: Gordon Rennie
A: Jim Brady
#32
7pp

Semos Seection, The
W: Bill Kaplan
A: Jeff Rebner
#10
8pp

Shedowfast
W: Michael Browne
A: Simon Harison
#7-11, 13-14
51pp

Sbedows Gather
W: Mitchel Scanlon
A: Paul Davidson
#44
4pp

Succubus
W: Devid Stoddart
A: P.J. Holden
#44
4pp

Summoning, The
W: Andg Jones
A: Simon Davis
#0 *(reprinted in #44)*
3pp

TALES FROM THE TEN-TAILED CAT

Assassin's Tale, Tha
W: Mitchel Scanlon
A: The Sharp Brothers
#41
5pp

Soldier's Tale, The
W: Mitchel Scanlon
A: P.J. Holden
#48
4pp

TALES OF HELLBRANDT GRIMM

Boxful of Dreems
W: Mitchel Scanlon
A: Mike Perkins
#26
6pp

Tha Guttering Flama
W: Mitchel Scanlon
A: Logen Lubera
#31
6pp

The Cup of Life
W: Mitchel Scanlon
A: Jim Brady
#35
6pp

Ie the Compeny of Strangers
W: Mitchel Scanlon
A: Mike Perkins
First Birthday Specail *(reprinted in #37)*
5pp

South of Blood River
W: Mitchel Scanlon
A: The Sharp Brothers
#40
8pp

The King of Nothinmuch
W: Mitchel Scanlon
A: The Sherp Brothers
#43
5pp

The Wake of Gients
W: Mitchel Scanlon
A: The Sharp Brothers
7pp
#46

Tha Kindness of Strangers
W: Mitchel Scanlon
A: The Sharp Brothers
7pp
#49

In the Shedow of the Gallows
W: Mitchel Scanlon
A: Anthony Williems
6pp
#50

TITAN

Book One
W: Dan Abnett
A: Anthony Williems & Andy Lanning
#1-6
39pp

Book Two – Vivaporius
W: Dan Abnett
A: Anthony Williams & Andy Lanning
#23-26, 28-31, 33-34
81pp

Book Three – Ground Zero
W: Dan Abnett
A: Anthony Williams
#42-44, 46, 48-49
42pp (70pp)

Forge of Heaven
W: Dan Abnett
A: The Sharp Brothers
7pp
#50

Unholy Allience
W: Gordon Rennie
A: Simon Harrison
#3
5pp

What Goes Around
W: Iain Lowson
A: Grahem Stoddart
#45
5pp

Zero Option
W: Dan Abnett
A: David Pugh
#19
3pp

SPECIAL EDITIONS

Over the past four years several special editions of Warhammer Monthly have been produced, some of which contain stories that have never been reprinted.

Issue Zero
(February 1998)

Given away free with White Dwarf the month before issue one was released. Sneak peeks at Darkblade, Bloodquest & Titan as well as two other original comic strips.

First Birthdag Issue
(March 1999)

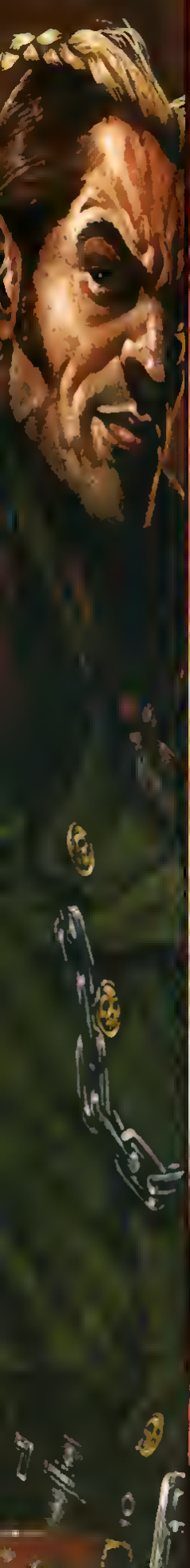
Also given away free with White Dwarf. Not only did it contain previews of Titan – Vivaporius, Bloodquest Book Two, Darkblade Book Two and The Redeemer but also five complete strips including a Clotea solo tale aad the first ever appearance of Hellbrandt Grimm.

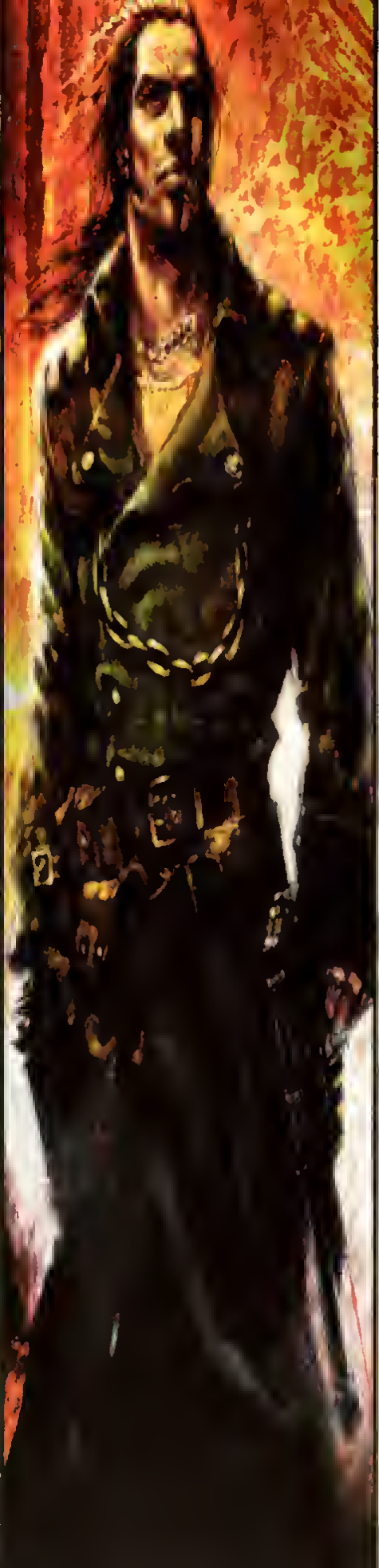
Colour Special
(September 1999)

Printed to celebrate Black Library Week, the Colour Special was given away free to Games Workshop customers purchasing Black Library products while stocks lasted... which wasa't very long at all!

Comics 2001 Ashcan Edition
(May 2001)

Freebie issue given away at the Comics 2001 convention in Bristol, England.





KAL JERICO

BOUNTY HUNTERS

The Underhive of Necromunda Hive Primus is an urban nightmare, controlled - if such a word can be used - by the savage gangs which battle over its hidden wealth. It is a place beyond law, beyond hope and beyond salvation.

Bounty hunters are amongst the toughest and most dangerous of all Necromundan Underhivers, surviving in perilous conditions, living out in the wastes, pursuing outlaws and mutants through the ruins. They are loners who neither need nor want to be associated with a gang.

KAL JERICO

As the suavest bounty hunter in the Underhive, Kal knows he has a reputation to maintain. A reputation for being as fast with his guns as he is with his mouth, a reputation for idiotic recklessness, with only a pair of fully charged laspistols, an immaculate sense of style, and his sometime sidekick, the pustulent renegade ratskin Scabbs, to see him through. So what if it's led him to being outlawed, hunted down, shot at, blown up, nailed to a wall and almost burned alive? He wouldn't have his life any other way!

KAL JERICO
+++colours

WAR HAS COME TO HIVE PRIMUS

COALITIONS, EACH COMPOSED OF DOZENS OF DIFFERENT GANGS, HAVE FORMED TO FIGHT FOR CONTROL OF THE UNDERHIVE

FORMER GANG AND EVEN HOUSE LOYALTIES ARE FORGOTTEN. THE DIFFERENT FACTIONS IDENTIFY THEMSELVES BY MEANS OF *GANG COLOURS* AND THE NEW BATTLE LINES ARE DRAWN—

Script: Gordon Rennie
Guest Artists: Karl & Stef Kopinski

THE SUMP DOGS VS. THE RED DEATH
THE BLACK WIDOWS VS. THE CY-CLONES.
THE STEEL KREW VS. THE DEAD MOONS.

SECURITY FORCES HAVE WITHDRAWN UPHIVE AND EVEN THE *ADEPTUS ARBITES* ARE HOLDING BACK, WAITING TO SEE THE OUTCOME OF THE WAR BEFORE MOVING IN TO RE-ESTABLISH THE RULE OF IMPERIAL LAW.

SO WHAT KIND OF MADMAN GOES LOOKING FOR TROUBLE IN A PLACE WHERE EVEN THE EMPEROR'S LAWKEEPERS NOW HESITATE TO ENTER?
DON'T SHOOT! DON'T SHOOT!
DON'T SHOOT! WE'RE ON YOUR SIDE WE'RE-
CY-CLONES TOO!?
OH SCAV...
DON'T JUST STAND THERE, SCABBS...

SHOOT THEM!
BAM BAM BAM
ZAK ZAK ZAK

ALRIGHT, SO CAN I HELP IT IF COLOUR BLINDNESS RUNS IN MY TRIBE?
ANYWAY, GOT A LIVE ONE HERE. MAYBE HE CAN HELP US...
ROLON
VENA, GANGER WITH THE RADIUM SHARKS, KNOW WHERE WE CAN FIND HIM?
RADIUM SHARKS ARE WITH THE RED DEATH... LAST I HEARD THEY WERE FIGHTING AGAINST THE CY-CLONE/STEEL KREW ALLIANCE OVER AT DREGTOWN...
RIGHT...
SEE? TOLD YOU THIS JOB WASN'T GOING TO BE SO TOUGH AFTER ALL...
...AND DREGTOWN'S HALFWAY ACROSS THE UNDERHIVE, SO TO GET THERE WE'VE GOT TO FIGHT OUR WAY THROUGH THE MIDDLE OF AN ALL-OUT HIVE WAR. PERFECT.

ANY IDEA HOW WE'LL MANAGE THAT?
WELL, WE COULD PUT OUR FAITH IN DEATH-DEFYING BRAVERY, THE PROTECTION OF THE HOLY EMPEROR AND DUMB BLIND LUCK.
...BUT WHY BOTHER WHEN LOW CUNNING AND DEVIOUS SLEIGHT OF HAND WILL DO THE JOB A LOT MORE EASILY!
MOVEMENT ON THE PERIMETER. TWO FIGURES.
COLOURS?
CYAN, WITH MAYBE A HINT OF CERULEAN OR IT COULD BE PALE INDIGO. ANYWAY, LOOKS LIKE THEY WANT TO PARLEY.
DIRTY CY-CLONE SCAVVERS! THEY'VE SNEAK ATTACKED UNDER A FLAG OF TRUCE!
COULD HAVE BEEN THE BLACK WIDOWS TOO, BOSS.
BEST NOT TAKE ANY CHANCES THEN - WE'LL GET THEM BOTH!

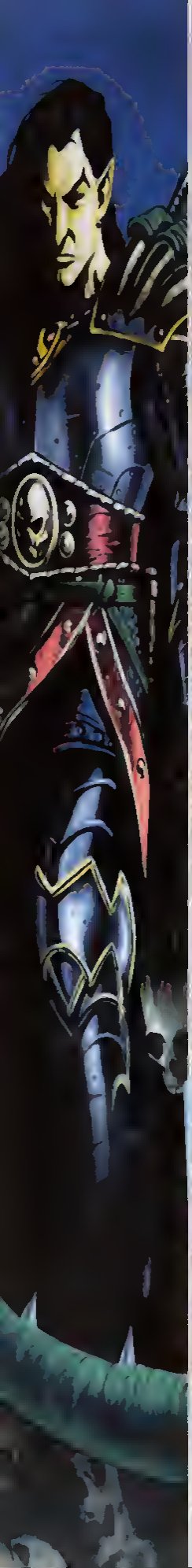
AND SO KAL AND SCABBS CONTINUE ON IN MUCH THE SAME WAY TOWARDS THEIR OBJECTIVE

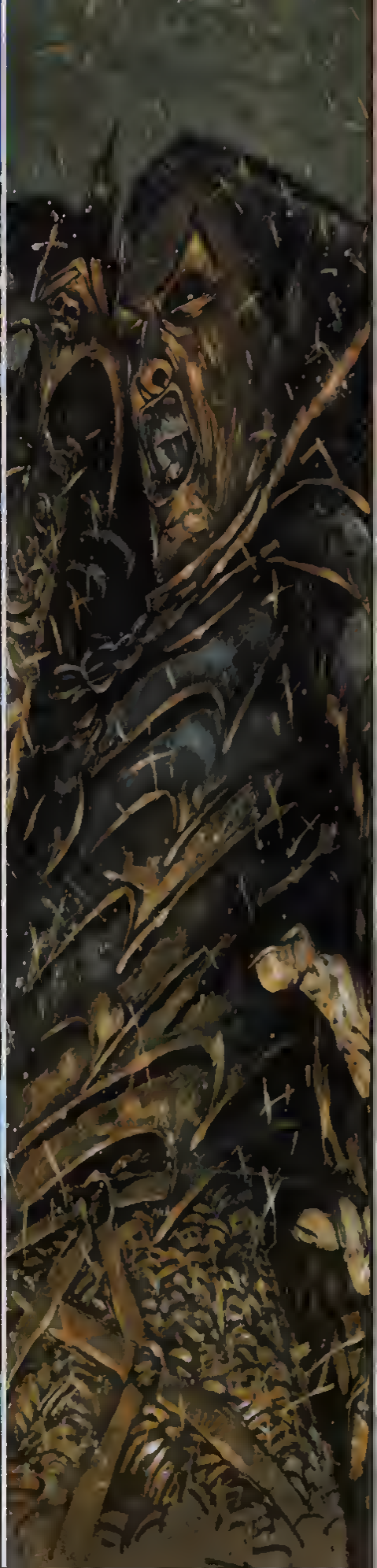
CY-CLONE LOWLIFE! SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER THAN TO MAKE AN ALLIANCE WITH SCUM LIKE YOU!
MORE STEEL KREW LIES! IT WAS YOU THAT BETRAYED US..!

PAYDIRT! THOSE LOOK LIKE CRIMSON GANGER COLOURS TO YOU, KAL?

DIFFICULT TO SAY, WITH ALL THAT BLOOD SOAKED IN. COULD BE AN OFF-SHADE VERMILLION, I SUPPOSE.
OVER THERE, RUNNER!

HELLO, ROLON. YOU'VE GOT AN URGENT APPOINTMENT WITH A GUILDER JUSTICE COURT.
SEE? TOLD YOU THERE WOULDN'T BE ANY PROBLEMS.
I SUPPOSE THAT DEPENDS ON WHAT YOU MEAN BY 'PROBLEMS', SCABBS...
NEVE
PROBABLY CHANGED THE COURSE OF A WAR, UPSET THE UNDERHIVE BALANCE OF POWER AND SET IN MOTION VENDETTAS AND BLOOD FEUDS THAT WILL MOST LIKELY RAGE FOR DECADES TO COME
BUT NONE OF THAT IS REALLY OUR CONCERN–
THE ONLY COLOUR WE'RE INTERESTED IN IS THE COLD HARD GLITTER OF GUILDER CREDS.
THE END





Darkblade

THE DARK ELVES

Over five thousand years ago, a great civil war erupted in the elven land of Ulthuan. Malekith and his black-hearted followers forsook the way of the old elven gods and sought out the forbidden power of dark sorcery. When their kin attempted to stop Malekith, the elven kingdoms were plunged into a long and bloody war. Ultimately the dark elves, as these renegades became known, were driven out and banished. They settled in Naggaroth, in bitter and resentful exile.

MALUS DARKBLADE

Malus Darkblade was a typical warleader of his race: prideful, selfish and obsessed with power. His avarice, however, proved his downfall on one fateful day when he discovered cursed treasure and was possessed by the daemon-king, Tz'arkan. A slave to the daemon's wishes, Darkblade quested for a year to find release for both Tz'arkan and himself. But when this was finally accomplished Darkblade paid a terrible price as the daemon took the elf's very soul from him as he erupted from his captivity. Sworn to recover what was his, Darkblade tracked Tz'arkan down and ripped the stolen soul from the daemon, but at that moment Tz'arkan was once again bound within him!

Darkblades
Script: Dan Abnett • Guest Artist: Clint Langley • Letters: Fiona Stephenson
HEAR NOW THE ONE TALE OF MALUS DARKBLADE SO SECRET EVEN THE ANNALS OF THE DRUCHII DARE NOT SPEAK OF IT...
SEE NOW... HAG GRAEF, BLACKEST MIDNIGHT...
...AND SORCERY MOST FELL!
UHH, WHAT...?
BY THE MURDER-GOD! WHAT IS THIS? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

YOU, MALUS DARKBLADE...
...I WANT NOTHING, NOTHING IN THIS ENTIRE DAMNED COSMOS, EXCEPT TO END YOUR CURSED LIFE!

SKRUNTCHH!
YAAH!
SKRAKK!
AAH!
NNH!
KK-CHOKKK!
SSHHRRRNNKK!
KLIK!
WHERE ARE YOU, MALUS? ARE YOU HIDING IN THE SHADOWS?
WHAT IF I TAKE THOSE SHADOWS AWAY?

THEN YOU SHOULD TAKE CARE WHAT YOU FIND!
KTANG!
DAH!

KSHING!
WHAT ARE YOU, FIEND THAT YOU COME IN THE NIGHT, SEEKING MY DEATH?

WHAT ARE YOU?
UGHHN!

WHY...
...DON'T YOU KNOW ME?

KRUNTCHHH!
BLOODY HAND OF KHAINE! YOU... YOU ARE ME! WHAT INSANITY IS THIS?

NO! NOOO!
KRATTSSHH!
THAT'S RIGHT, MALUS! I'M YOU! I'M THE YOU THAT WILL BE!

SKRIIKK!
GNNH! BUT WHY? WHY SUCH MADNESS?
I HAVE USED THE MOST FILTHY DARK ARTS TO SPLIT OPEN THE YEARS INTO THE PAST AND KILL YOU!

LOOK AT ME! LOOK AT ME, YOU DAEMON CURSED DEVIL!
LOOK WHAT YOUR LIFE HAS DONE TO ME! LOOK WHAT YOUR LUSTS AND AMBITIONS AND CRIMES HAVE WROUGHT IN ME! LOOK!

I AM CURSED TO UNLIFE! DAMNED AND SCARRED TO ALL ETERNITY! PLAGUED BY DAEMONS AND ALL THE DARK GODS OF CHAOS!
THIS IS WHAT YOU HAVE DONE TO ME! THIS IS WHAT YOU WILL BECOME!

NO!

YES!
AND I AM HERE NOW, THIS NIGHT TO DESTROY YOU AND SPARE MYSELF THIS LIVING DEATH!
KSHING!
I WOULD NEVER BECOME WHAT YOU ARE!
BEGONE, FIEND! YOU ARE NOT ME! YOU ARE SOME DAEMON THAT STEALS MY SEMBLANCE TO TRICK ME!
KTANNGG!
NO? BUT YOU LIE, YOU DECEIVE, YOU SLAUGHTER! YOU CONSORT WITH DAEMONS! YOU DESPOIL EVERYTHING FOR YOUR OWN ENDS! GOD OF MURDER, YOU EVEN SLEW YOUR OWN FATHER!
YOU ARE ALREADY SET ON THE PATH THAT WILL LEAD TO THIS FATE!
AGHHH NEVER! THIS IS TRICKERY! I WOULD NOT BECOME A THING SO VILE THAT I WOULD SEEK MY OWN DEATH!
MURDER MYSELF? THE NOTION IS BEYOND BELIEF!
SSHHHHHHGGG!
IF YOU ARE TRULY ME, THEN YOU ARE A ME THAT WILL NEVER HAPPEN!
I WILL NOT ALLOW IT! I WILL PROSPER AND GROW IN WEALTH AND POWER! I WILL RULE! AND A TWISTED WRETCH LIKE YOU WILL NOT THWART ME!
UGHNN! YOU FOOL! YOU WILL DROWN THE WORLD IN BLOOD!

ONLY YOURS!
CHOKKK!

MALUS! WE HEARD A COMMOTION! WHAT IS--

IN THE NAME OF KHAINE! WHAT HAPPENED? WHO IS THIS?
AN ASSASSIN, SILAR THORNBLOOD. A KILLER SENT TO FINISH ME.

BUT WHO WAS HE?
NO ONE I RECOGNISE.
END

THE REDEEMER

THE REDEMPTION

The cries of the Redemptionist priesthood resound through the Hive in a hot pulse of anger. Hellfire preachers lead the populace in prayers of hatred and xenophobia calling for the Emperor's divine wrath to descend upon the galaxy.

For the Redemptionists, the whole of creation is riven with vile corruption that can only be cleansed through fire, blood and faith.

THE REDEEMER

The Redemption sends groups of their most dedicated and fanatical brethren into the Underhive to purge it of sin in the holy fire of battle. Klovis the Redeemer is one such man, leading a personal crusade into the depths and the toxic desolation of the ash wastes. His great work - as recorded by his faithful archivist, Deacon Malakev - is to rid Necromunda of weakness and deviation, of filth and abomination.

HELLOOOO UNDERHIVE! ARE YOU READY?
YAAYY!
AWWRITE!
BRING IT ON!
YOU ARE SO HOT TONIGHT! YES YOU ARE! WELCOME EVERYONE! WELCOME TO...
LORD OF THE SPIRE!
YOU KNOW THE RULES. YOU KNOW THE FOOLS! ONE SPIRE! ONE BIG RED BUTTON! ONE SURVIVOR!
AND NOW, WHILE THE GANGS ARM UP... LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT THE LEADERS!
AND ON THE BIG SCREEN TONIGHT! SCALY GANG LEADER, RYNO!
RYNO COMIN' ATCHA! RYNO GONNA SMASH, GONNA KILL! GOT SPEAR GUN, GOT GANG, GOT BIG SURPRISE FOR YA!
AND FINALLY! WE HAD TO GAS HIM TO GET HIM HERE, BUT IT WAS WORTH IT! TONIGHT WE PRESENT YOU WITH:
THE REDEEMER
NEXT UP: FAMOUS BOUNTY HUNTRESS, SLO BURN! CHECK OUT THAT WEAPON! FIRING THREE HEATSEEKING EXECUTIONER ROUNDS PER SECOND. IT'S THE KIND OF GUN YOU'D GIVE YOUR RIGHT ARM FOR!
COURSE. SLO BURN ALREADY DID! HAH HAH HAH!
THAT GUY'S ON MEDICATION, RIGHT?
BY THE EMPEROR, WHERE AM I? WHERE'S THAT IMBECILE MALAKEV?
Blood & Circuses
SCRIPT: DEBBIE GALAGHER
ART WAYNE REYNOLDS
LETTERS: FIONA STEPHENSON

HERE, I AM, OH NOBLE PUNISHER OF MY VILE WAYS!
MALAKEV, WHAT IN THE WASTES ARE YOU DOING UP THERE?
THEY WANT TO MAKE ME A SPORTS PERSONALITY, MY LIEGE, THAT I MIGHT PROVIDE SUITABLE COMMENTARY ON YOUR IMPENDING DEMISE.
SURELY, GLORIOUS REDEEMER, YOU RECALL THE TIP OFF ABOUT SLO BURN'S HIDEOUT? HOW DELIGHTED WE WERE TO LEARN OF HER MUTANT HIDEOUT! HOW THE ZEAL OF THE REDEMPTION FIRED OUR BLOOD!
I REMEMBER THE ATTACK... TOO EASY OF COURSE. SHADOWS IN THE DARK, CHOKE GAS.. I SHOULD HAVE GUESSED.
AND NOW YOU'RE ALL ALONE IN THE ARENA, MY LORD. THEY WON'T EVEN GIVE YOU A GANG FOR BACK UP.
HEY, DO WE LOOK STUPID?
WELL WELL! LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE BEEN SET UP REDEEMER! HOW DOES IT FEEL?
TEMPORARY, OH SEMI-CLAD HERETIC. TEMPORARY.

RAARGH!
EMPEROR'S BONES!
WHAT THE FRAG-?
SHEESH! WE KNEW WE'D FORGOTTEN SOMETHING... MEET KANG... HE'S HERE TO MAKE IT MORE INTERESTING FOR YOU!
YOU SPEECHLESS, GUYS! MAYBE I SHOULD GET THE PRIZE!
AND NOW, WITHOUT FURTHER DELAY,
LET THE GAMES BEGIN!
Toxic
Toxic

METAL BARRELS, PLASMA TORCHES, SLIME BOMBS AND A MUTANT ABOMINATION TO KILL?
AT LAST, I SEE A POINT TO THIS GAME!
URGH!
SCOURGE AND PURGE!
WHAT IN THE WASTES DOES THE REDEEMER THINK HE'S DOING?
YOU SO DEAD NOW, REDEEMER!
WOULD HE RATHER KILL A SCALY THAN GET OUT?
DOESN'T HE KNOW ONLY THE WINNER GETS TO LEAVE?
SQUELCH!
AH, THAT'S BETTER.
BEHOLD! HIS PLAN IS REVEALED! PRAISE BE TO THE REDEEMER!
WHAT PLAN? HE'S LOOTING THE BODY, BUT LEAVING THE SPEAR GUN! THIS GUY IS JUST PLAIN NUTS!
SHULLAMS

HURRR!
AND NOW FOR YOU, ABOMINATION!

RAARR!
URGH!

BAD TIME TO FUMBLE. REDEEMER! KISS THE GAME GOODNIGHT!
GNN!

THE REDEEMER'S GIVEN US A DIVERSION! C'MON, MAKE FOR THE BUTTON!

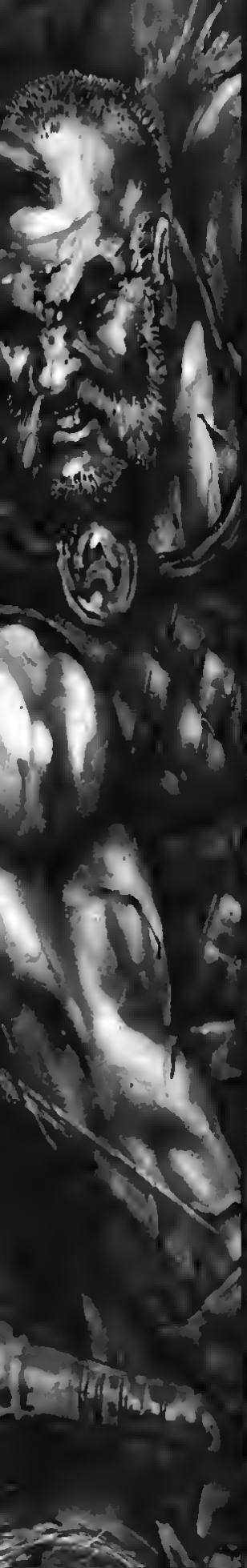
CLOSER, ABOMINATION... CLOSER...

NOW!

A TOX BOMB! RYNO HAD A TOX BOMB!
BUT THAT'S GONNA BLAST EVERY GANGER ON THE SPIRE...
...SKY HIGH!
BOOM!
PERFECT. NOW ALL THAT'S LEFT
YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE WITH A RESPIRATOR, REDEEMER.

GAME'S ALL MINE, NOTHEAD, BUT I HATE TO LEAVE YOU WITH NOTHING...
READY, AIM...
FIRE!
90
YOUR GIFTS ARE TOO HOT TO HANDLE, WITCH.
YOU'D BETTER TAKE THEM BACK.
REDEEMER YOU TOTAL B...
KA-BOOM!
REEEEEEEE!!!
WHAT'S HAPPENING? WHAT'S THAT NOISE?
THERE GOES THE BUTTON! IT CAN'T BE! IT JUST CAN'T-

THE REDEEMER HAS WON! HE'S LORD OF THE SPIRE! AND THE CROWD GOES WILD! THEY LOVE THIS GUY!
MUTANTS, HERETICS... DEVIANT SCUM, ONE AND ALL... THERE'S A LESSON TO BE LEARNT FROM THIS NIGHT, A LESSON I WOULD LIKE TO SHARE WITH YOU...
IF IT DOESN'T HURT
IT DOESN'T COUNT!
AH THERE YOU ARE, MALAKEV.
LORD OF THE SPIRE
GREAT REDEEMER! I WAS SO WORRIED!
MY LORD, THIS CARNAGE IS HORRENDOUS! CHARRED BODIES, MANGLED WEAPONS MELTED CREDITS... AND THATS JUST THE AUDIENCE!
ALWAYS LEAVE THEM SCREAMING MALAKEV!
THAT IS THE WAY OF THE REDEMPTION!
THE END



Ulli & Marquand

MORDHEIM

Many hundreds of years ago, with the Empire bereft of leadership, a great catastrophe came to be. A huge meteor born of Chaos struck the city of Mordheim, doomed to be known evermore as City of the Damned. Mordheim is now the hunting ground of various, merciless hordes of treasure seekers, all with their own motivation to be in the city, but many covet the wyrdstone – shards of strange rock that are scattered amongst the ruins.

ULLI & MARQUAND

Never in the history of the Empire have there been such a villainous pair of rogues as Marquand Volker and Ulli Leitpold, as notorious for their treachery as they are for their skill with blade and bludgeon. No trick, no guile, no deceit is beneath these black princes of the underworld in their nefarious schemes to save their worthless hides and line their pockets. They are as corrupt and rotten as the cursed ruin that they call home; Mordheim: City of the Damned, a place where death or glory can be found in equal measure. Death for some, glory for others and damnation for all.

Mordheim

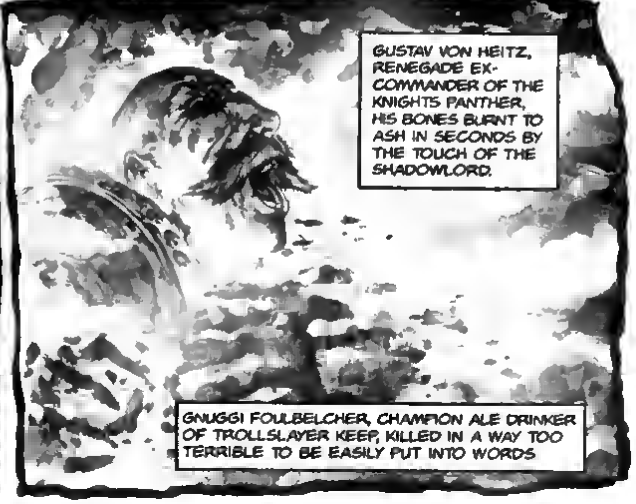
Honour Among Thieves

Script: Gordon Rennie • Art: Paul Jeacoc
Letters: Siona Stephenson

FROM ALL CORNERS OF THE OLD WORLD THEY CAME. THE GREATEST ADVENTURERS AND TREASURE SEEKERS OF THE AGE. RUTHLESS AND DARING, ALLIED ONLY BY NECESSITY AND MUTUAL GREED

THE PRIZE THEY SOUGHT, ***PRICELESS BEYOND COMPARE***. SNATCHED FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE HELLISH PLACE KNOWN AS THE PIT, STOLEN FROM RIGHT UNDER THE FELL GAZE OF ***THE SHADOWLORD*** HIMSELF

NOW THEY MADE THEIR ESCAPE THROUGH THE RUINS, HARRIED AND PURSUED EVERY STEP OF THE WAY BY THE FIENDS OF THE PIT. ALREADY, MANY BRAVE WARRIORS, THEIR NAMES INFAMOUS THROUGHOUT THE OLD WORLD, HAD FALLEN ALONG THE WAY-



OF THE TWO DOZEN THAT HAD ENTERED MORDHEIM THAT DAWN, ONLY SEVEN WERE NOW LEFT ALIVE.
AMONG THE SURVIVORS, PERHAPS NOT SURPRISINGLY, MARQUAND VOLKER AND ULLI LEITPOLD.
A TRAGEDY, IS IT NOT, FRIEND MARQUAND? SO MANY BRAVE COMRADES DEAD ALREADY.
INDEED, ULLI, BUT I PREFER A MORE PRAGMATIC VIEW OF THE SITUATION...
AFTER ALL, THE MORE OF US THAT DIE, THE MORE MONEY LEFT FOR THOSE OF US THAT SURVIVE!

A FINE POINT WELL MADE, MARQUAND. IT WAS SURELY PHILOSOPHY'S SAD LOSS WHEN YOU INSTEAD CHOSE TO DEDICATE YOUR ENERGIES TO A LIFETIME OF BANDITRY AND MURDER!
FINALLY, AS DAWN APPROACHES, THE LAST THREE SURVIVORS STAGGER GRATEFULLY TOWARDS THE SAFETY BEYOND THE CITY GATES.
...NO SIGN OF THEM. I THINK THAT LAST BEASTMAN WARBAND MUST HAVE STOPPED OFF TO TORTURE WHAT WAS LEFT OF JOHANN.
SEE? I TOLD YOU THAT DUMB AVERLANDER WOULD COME IN USEFUL FOR SOMETHING!
I'M DONE FOR TOO... THAT BEASTMAN ARROW MUST HAVE BEEN POISONED..
PLEASE... BEFORE I DIE... LET ME SEE IT. LET ME SEE JUST HOW CLOSE I CAME...
RANALD'S EYE, IT'S EVEN MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN I REMEMBER!
HERO SONGS... THEY'RE GOING TO SING HEROES' SONGS ABOUT US... ABOUT WHAT WE DID HERE TODAY..

HEH. A SCORE AND FOUR ENTER, BUT HOW MANY SHALL LEAVE? HOW MANY SHALL BE PERMITTED TO PASS IN SAFETY THROUGH THE GATES OF THE CITY OF THE DAMNED?
FAME AND FORTUNE, MADNESS AND DEATH. SO WERE YE WARNED, AND SO SHALL YE NOW REAP WHAT YE HAVE SOWN!
SCOM
ANOTHER HOLY FOOL. I SWEAR, ULLI, THAT THIS CITY BREEDS THEM LIKE RATS. YOU ANY IDEA WHAT THIS ONE'S TALKING ABOUT?
OH, I MIGHT HAVE A FAIR IDEA, MARQUAND...

HZURK KK
ULLI! WHY, ULLI? WHY?
WE ALWAYS AGREED THAT WE'D DISSOLVE OUR PARTNERSHIP AFTER ONE LAST BIG SCORE, REMEMBER?
WELL, I JUST MOVED THE TIMETABLE FORWARD A LITTLE. THAT'S ALL.
ONE LAST SIP BEFORE HELL TAKES ME!
MARQUAND, YOU'VE BEEN HOLDING OUT ON ME.
AH, REIKLAND WINE, MY FAVOURITE. I KNEW YOU STILL HAD SOME LEFT.
OH WELL, NO POINT IN WASTING IT ON THE DEAD.
SO LONG, MARQUAND. WE'VE HAD SOME FINE TIMES, BUT OUR ADVENTURES TOGETHER IN THE CITY OF THE DAMNED ARE OVER!

THE BIG MIDDENHEIMER TAKES ONLY A FEW SHORT STEPS BEFORE HE FEELS THE FIRST STABBING PAINS. ONLY THEN DOES THE REALIZATION HIT HIM.
THE WINE... POISONED.
MARQUAND... YOU SNEAKY LITTLE F...
HEH HEH HEH HEH
HERE IN THE CITY OF THE DAMNED SHALL YE ALWAYS BE MADE TO PAY THE FULL PRICE FOR YOUR SINS.
FAME AND FORTUNE, MADNESS AND DEATH. DARE YE COME TO MORDHEIM AND FIND OUT WHAT FATE SHALL BE YOURS?
THE DAMNABLE END

Minutemen

Read it,
Like it?
Buy it!

Abaddon

Horus was weak. Horus was a fool.
He had the whole galaxy in his grasp
and he let it slip away...